

1 of 7

Lake Creek, Wasatch County

In December of 1868, Robert Lindsay and Sarah Ann Murdock, and William Lindsay and Mary Mair were married in Salt Lake City. It took them two days with an ox team to reach Salt Lake by way of Park City.

The two couples lived in a one-roomed log house owned by Robert Lindsay the first winter. The house was located across the street west of the present Heber First Ward L.D.S. church building on the site of the William L. Turner home. William and wife secured a house of their own in the springtime, *on SE corner of 100 No 9 300 E in Heber City (Lowe Ashton Corner)*

The two brothers looked around for a location for a permanent home where they could have a farm and water. They decided on a site three miles east of Heber City where there was a spring and good farming soil. About 1877 they left Heber.

They each had several children when they built their log house and moved their two families to begin life on Lake Creek -- just east of what is now known as Lindsay's Hill or Cedar Hill.

About 1883 the two brothers decided that it would be easier to work their farms if one lived on the upper section so they "drew cuts" to see which brother would move and build a new home. Robert got the "cut" to move so he did and built a long two-roomed log house and later a large two story log house which now stands at Lindsay's Dell. Robert had this house weather-boarded and painted so it is not easily recognized as being a log house. It is warm and substantial having heavy wooden pins holding the logs together. This house still stands (1957) at Lindsay's Dell and is owned by the Bond family.

William built a long log house at first and later he erected a big two story log house and had it weather-boarded and painted. It stood as a "House of Memories" until March 1948 when it was burned down.

First White People to Build Homes on Lake Creek

From memory and diary of Robert Lindsay

Elizabeth F. Lindsay July, 1957

On the accompanying map will be indicated the relative location of the different people who first located on Lake Creek. As the dates are learned they may be added.

After the ^{Robert} Heber Flour Mill was built different people lived there. The Mitchie family was one of the first. Charley Wilckens was there earlier, I think. Robert Broadhead located about half a mile east of the Mill. He and his family built up quite a circle of houses around his big three story brick house. The first houses were log ones.

Eliza Lindsay said there was a school house erected in that circle and that the older children of Robert and William Lindsay attended that school. Henry Chatwin was the teacher there at one time and they used to have "spelling matches" on Friday afternoons. Henry Chatwin did many things to entertain his pupils, especially on Friday afternoons, but at any rate the children were happy and that cannot be said of some children who attended the early schools where "the three R's" ruled with a cruel hand.

Robert Lindsay tells in his diary of 1884 about working on the school house. Evidently the patrons built the school house and paid the teacher.

Church Influences

The L.D.S. Church looked after its members who did not live in town. Once William McMullin and others came up to Uncle William Lindsay's for a cottage meeting. The men folks put planks on chairs to make seats for everyone. Aunt Mary brought pretty pieced quilts to put on the boards. Her white window drapes with wide netted lace looked beautiful.

The men and women from Heber sang songs and the men gave us some good sermons. All I remember was the lovely friendly feeling and the spirit of worship that touched my heart. They all sang "Do What is Right", and everytime I hear that song I go back in memory to that pretty, crowded room in Uncle William Lindsay's home on Lake Creek. Everyone shook hands with us. No child was missed. How important I felt to meet all these lovely people.

I remember the singing. Everyone sang. The influence of that cottage meeting still lasts. I know little about music, but I've learned to play "Do What is Right" on the piano.

Farm Activities on Lake Creek

The outside activities at the farm were many and they were strenuous. There was no modern equipment to clear acres of sage brush land in a day. Speaking of breaking up land in those early days, Joseph W. (Jode) Thomas says in his story: "If we used oxen we could plow the sage brush up and then pick up the brush. The oxen being fastened to the plow with a chain allowed this. When horses were used, this could not be done because the sage brush piled up in front of the double trees and stopped the horses. Before plowing sage brush land with horses each brush had to be attacked with a grubbing hoe and chopped out root and all. Sometimes the plow would get the roots, but it was best to dig them out".

The brush would be thrown aside to be put into piles. Generally, the younger children would throw the brush into great high heaps for the evening contests. Each group tried to get the biggest pile so that its flames would shoot highest into the evening sky. The neighbor's children would join in the torch races trying to keep different groups from their fire by carrying a blazing sage brush branch. Once in awhile someone would catch on fire, then all would stop their game to smother the blaze or dip the unfortunate in the irrigation ditch. Sometimes the children would roast potatoes in the fires to be eaten after the contest fun was over.

There was digging and building pits for carrots, potatoes, turnips and rutabagas. There was building fences, mangers, feed boxes and sheds or barns. There was hauling manure to fertilize the fields and to keep the corrals cleaned out.

Then of course, there was the constant demand for fire wood to be met winter and summer as there were no electric nor gas stoves nor irons. The men and boys would bring big loads of quaking aspen trees and scrub oak to be cut up at odd times into stove lengths. In later years, Robert Lindsay would make at least one trip to Coalville in the Fall to get a load of soft coal to use sparingly along with the wood. I remember the scrub oak because we would often put a few sticks, about a foot long, in the oven to get them warm, then we would wrap a cloth or a paper around them to cover the roughness. Then we would take them to bed with us to keep our feet warm. The oak would hold the heat all night.

When irrigating the fields the men didn't seem to use much energy in making head gates which would have saved much hard labor and valuable soil.

The constant care of the animals on the farm brought much work. There was feeding, milking, herding, shoeing, hunting, riding and "breaking in" young animals. In later years sheep were added to the farm animals and new activities were necessary. Then of course there were the varied seasonal work of planting, weeding and harvesting and "berrying".

Robert Lindsay took time out to take his children on little outings to gather service berries and choke cherries. After the Midway Hot Pots became swimming resorts, he would often take his family for an afternoon's swim. He had a favorite spot in Center Creek Canyon where there were great lime deposits which contained fossils of sea life. He would take his children there often to gather specimens.

The Wasatch Stake House

There are many stories and memories attached to the Wasatch Stake Tabernacle. The Averetts, the Crooks, John Adamsen, Robert Lindsay, William Lindsay and others got out rock with which to build this house. Andrew Johnson helped to lay the rock in place. He was a mason. His daughter, Louise Johnson Coleman, now of Provo, remembers how her mother "Edie" Johnson used to sit at her own home on Second East and watch her husband as he worked on the tower of the Stake House. She just knew every day that before night he would slip and fall, but he didn't. The tower was finished and the bell set in place to toll for funerals, clang for alarms and ring crisply to tell people to come to church.

The four big "pot bellied" stoves were very important. "Uncle" Jesse Bond went religiously from one to the other stirring them noisily and then he would disappear into the back room to see about the fire there. If the stirrings came in the middle of a solo or at the climax of a great sermon it made no difference. The heat must be maintained. President A. C. Hatch who had even traveled outside the state used to tell us about heating plants which might be installed to take the place of these stoves. This all sounded fantastic to us.

Seating arrangements: men on the south side, ladies on north side, ladies with babies around the stove on north-east side, mixed couples in center, and most fancy hats in center.

Thrashing Time

Thrashing time brought work and excitement. The two Lindsay women worked and planned together. There would be many of those "Little Hill" conversations planning food. We children would take an oblong clothes basket and go to Aunt Mary's to borrow dishes if our turn came first to feed the ever hungry thrashers. They seemed to be like the present day electric garbage disposers -- no end to their capacity to take in food. It also seemed that "break-downs" always came at the places where the food was best.

The women cooked pies and cakes and steamed puddings for days before the big event. And then when the big thrasher really arrived, vegetables and meats and homemade bread and pickles and jam were all added to the menu. There was work for everyone and thrills for the children to watch the whole operation of the bundles of wheat or oats that they had shocked being eaten up by the big machine and then to be poured out into the sacks to be carried on the backs of certain workers and poured into the clean, sweet smelling bins to wait to be taken to the Mill as needed. It was fun to watch the horses go round and round to make the big machine go.

It was interesting too, to watch the dusty men with chaff in their hair and on their clothing as they washed their hands and faces in the tubs of water prepared for that purpose. The men looked much different when they were sitting round the long table eating and joking about the days happenings.

We children watched the biscuit plate and the pie supply and we wondered breathlessly if there would be anything choice left for us. These workers would eat three meals a day for several days and that meant a big food supply.

Lake Creek Schools

In 1884 Robert Lindsay and others built a school house by Broadheads on Lake Creek and Eliza, Rob and Joseph of Robert Lindsay's family and Mamie, Will H. and Jim Lyon of William Lindsay's family and other neighborhood children attended school there. Henry Chatwin was the teacher. Later on the younger Lindsay children -- Jane Ann, Eunice, and Elizabeth walked two and a half miles to Center Creek to a rural school. Mary Brim, Millie Cluff Harvey and Violet Ryan were teachers there at different times.

Still later all the Lindsay children attended school at Heber. This gave them a three mile walk night and morning. There was a log school building finally built back of Miller's home against the hill. Brigham Clegg used to ride a horse from Heber to teach in it. None of the Lindsays attended school there.

Robert and William Lindsay were both good penmen and kept up regular correspondence with relatives and with missionaries. Robert helped his children with their school work especially with their arithmetic. He always had a book in the kitchen so that he could pick it up and read it when he had a moment while waiting for a meal, or while resting. He practiced writing every day on any scrap of paper. He would write "Reuben Brown" over and over again. He planned to read the Bible once each year. He had a clear speaking voice and that along with his humility and sincerity made him a good church leader and speaker. The same was true of William Lindsay who was also a general favorite with all children. Both men looked after the poor and the unfortunate and they made many friends in Wasatch County.

Even to take a bath required much more energy than turning a tap for hot or cold water. For instance, at the Lindsay farm you would build a hot fire in the stove then bring the wash tub and boiler into the house from the wood shed. Then you would carry many buckets of water from the spring or from the "windlass" well. This would be heated in the boiler or in large kettles. Two chairs would be set in front of the tub which was near the stove and a blanket or quilt would be thrown over the chairs to screen in the "bath room". Then when the water was considered to be the right temperature the bath could begin. If the water was found to be too hot or too cold then troublesome adjustments had to be made with dippers or with tea kettles. Actions had to be guarded because of the hot stove near by. Many a child carried the brand of his "Saturday Night Bath" for the full week at least. After the bath the water had to be emptied and the boiler and tub had to be returned to their proper places. Small wonder that we children listened to stories of bathrooms with taps of hot and cold water and of indoor toilets as something only in fairyland.

Indians on Lake Creek

In the early days the Indians came down Lake Creek from the reservation. They often made camp on the spring creek that the Lindsays settled on. They also camped on a spring west of the old Pilt Murdock place right where Aunt Sally Jones had her home.

Uncle Andrew Lindsay used to tell us of an Indian scare that he had before Aunt Sally Jones built her home. He and another boy had to take their cows into the meadows east of Heber to feed each day. When the Indians were camped on the lower spring the boys were afraid and kept under cover. One day they were in some bushes watching the Indians when they saw that the group had one of their number tied to a tree with his body bare to the waist. The boys in terror watched and listened. They saw one of the Indians aim an arrow at the captive's heart. The poor fellow's head slumped forward, and then his body and the boys knew that he was dead. They were terrified. As soon as they could move they slipped away as quietly and quickly as they could and went to Heber without their cows. Some of the older men went after the cows later.

"Uncle Willie" Murdock -- brother of "Scotch John" M. Murdock built a house on Lake Creek four miles east of Heber. It was on the South side of the hill just below the "Crook" home of 1957. When Heber Crook bought the old Murdock place he built his house close to the present highway.

The Murdock house was long with a comfortable shady porch. It was a "homey" place with native trees and wild shrubs around it. John Adamson married Maggie Murdock and lived in the Murdock house when I remember it. "Billy" Baird married Jennie Murdock and lived just below the Murdock Hills to the west.

The original Baird parents of Lake Creek lived just south of the Murdock hill by a little spring. Al Murdock later bought this place and William H. Murdock and wife "Leattie" Baum lived there for some time. The place is now (1957) owned by Ed Wade.

The Baird home faced the south and was sunny and comfortable. I remember three children -- Jane who married Fred Phillips and who later lived about where the Nash people lived; "Jimmy" who married Jessie Phillips; and "Billy" who married Jennie Murdock.

Visiting

People spent much time visiting in those early days. They seemed to take the whole family with them and would always stay for a meal and sometimes for overnight. The women generally brought their knitting so their time was well spent. It is a good thing they had carrots and potatoes in pits and that they often had "pie killings" and trips to the flour mill with a "grist", or I don't see how the housewife could have provided food for so many unexpected guests.

Mary Lindsay's relatives lived at Park City where the men worked in the mines and earned big salaries. These people could really "dress up" and when they visited their country cousins we really tried to play up to their grandeur. They visited very often. William Lindsay had the first two story house so these visitors liked to go there. These visitors often gave us children dimes so of course we enjoyed their visits.

Neighbors

Rasmus Neilson Miller and family lived a little more than a mile above the home of Robert Lindsay. Mrs. Miller was caught in a brush fire and burned to death one day when the family was away from home. Brother Miller did the best he could to care for his children and to keep them together. This was no easy task as anyone can realize.

Brother Miller was a quiet, kind man whom everyone respected. Father said Brother Miller had worked too hard when a child in the "old country" and he had developed a spine curvature, but in spite of that he worked very hard. He walked to Heber very often. The day before Christmas, after Mrs. Miller died, father came in from the yard and called mother and family together and said, "I can see Brother Miller walking to town through the snow. He is probably going to Heber to buy something to make Christmas for his little family. I'm sure that after the expenses he has had to meet that

he won't have much to spend. Now, why don't you all go through your belongings and each one select something you like real well to give to this family and we will have it all ready for him when he comes back from town? Mother will direct you and help you to get a gift for each member of the family". We all agreed. We didn't have toys and books and jewelry such as we have today, but we all found something to contribute. I don't remember what each one gave but Rob divided up his choice colored pencils and sent half of them to Niels. Mother found underwear for each one. There were a few toys and a book. I put my only "store" doll in the pack. It was a choice china-headed darling with shiny black china hair. I loved it and no other doll that I ever owned afterwards quite took its place. It went to Minnie. I also sent a tin breast pin with a picture on it to Lana. Another doll was added for Lana who was the younger girl.

When the bundle was all tied up it contained something from each child besides cookies and candy, and it was really a big, interesting bundle. Father took it down to the road when he saw Brother Miller coming. We watched from the window and could see that he was very much pleased. When he put the big pack on his back and started up the hill he really looked like Santa Claus. Father said Brother Miller had only been able to buy a little bag of nuts for his children so he was very happy with the contributions of our family.

Years afterward, Minnie told me how much she enjoyed my doll. She said she still had its china head and that she would give it to me, but somehow she forgot.

6

Bengt Peterson or Person

The Peterson or Person family came from Sweden as converts to the L.D.S. Church. Bengt's father's given name was Per or Pehr, so according to Swedish customs Bengt's surname would be Person or Pehrson, but on reaching America he couldn't make people understand this. Everyone seemed to want to call him Peterson so he gave up trying to make them understand and resigned to the name "Peterson". His first wife's name was Maria. She was born in Sweden in 1827 and died there in 1852. His second wife Johanna Johnson was born in Hoxerod, Sweden. She never lived on Lake Creek. She died in Heber, Utah on 4 April 1877. She and Bengt Person or Peterson had the following children: John Peter born 24 June 1859, in Remoseia, Sweden and married Julia Margaret Fraughton; Eliza Mary born 10 May 1861 in Remoseia, Sweden and married George Homer Fraughton; Jens Aug born 26 April 1864 in Remoseia, Sweden and married Leah Williamson; Amanda Betty born 13 March 1867 in Remoseia, Sweden and married Harvy Meeks; Aldoph Fred born 23 June, 1869 in Halsingburg, Sweden and married Lucy Mass; Emma Sarah born 16 October 1872 in Rockport, Summit County, Utah and married Heber A. Butters.

His third wife was Albertina Larson and she was born 15 January 1847 in Svenstorp, Halland, Askome, Sweden. She died 9 July, 1932 in Salt Lake City, Utah and was buried in the Heber City Cemetery 12 July 1932. Their children were: Martha Maria born 10 July, 1878; Emily Ann Josephine born 8 December 1879, married Rone Olmstead; Arvid William born 6 November 1880; Johanna born 31 October 1881; Joseph Hakan born 31 October 1882; Hyrum Benjamin born 17 December 1883; Lars Albert born 12 June 1885; Abraham and Isaac (twins) 28 April 1886; Clara Anna Christina born 21 June 1887; Jacob Franklin born 2 August 1889; and Brigham born 14 September 1890.

Bengt Peterson or Person sold his Lake Creek farm and moved to Buysville or Daniels as it is now called. He bought a smaller place there. He then moved to Provo and lived in the Second Ward about two years and from there he went to the Teton Basin in Idaho with his daughter, Josephine, and her husband, Rone Olmstead. Bengt died in Driggs, Idaho 27 November 1913 and was buried in the Heber City Cemetery 30 November 1913.

Bengt Peterson and family settled on Lake Creek five miles east of Heber. It was and is a beauty spot with many native trees and shrubs about such as service berry and choke cherry bushes and with wide meadows to entice nature lovers. As roads improved this homestead was often chosen as the site for Ward and Stake parties of various kinds. At these outings swings would be put up for all to enjoy. Ball games, races and other games and sports would be sponsored. Then would come the regular program of songs and speeches before the big event of the day -- the picnic with all its good things including homemade ice cream for everyone. Transportation to these events would be mostly on horse back or with horses and wagons which were fitted up with spring seats for the adults and boards with quilts on them for the children. The roads were rough and full of ruts and dust and the trip took the entire day but no one minded the inconveniences so long as the picnic baskets were well filled and "right side up".

The home was located about a mile above the Lake Creek red sand stone quarry. The house was rather long and "deep" and was built of logs and had windows with small panes in them. The house was always spotlessly clean. I remember the window panes because at one of the church outings I knocked a ball through one of them and besides shattering the glass I spoiled a perfectly lovely afternoon's fun and brought hours of worry on myself for as we heard the crash Emma Peterson said, "Now you'll catch it." And I was sure that I would. I didn't realize that the glass could be replaced for a small sum of money. I just knew that I had been responsible for breaking something. Glass flew all over and left an ugly hole and I had done it and would catch it. I tried to hide, but that was no good. There was no more fun left for me that day, and whenever I think of the Peterson home I think of that broken window pane. There was a spring of cold water back of the Peterson house and after playing ball on the wide green meadows or being pushed to breath taking heights in the tall swings, the active pleasure seekers would often refresh themselves with deep drinks of its bubbling offerings.

Years later Jimmy "Scottie" Dawson, a sheep man bought the Peterson place and brought his young Scotch wife from the East to live there. She was a nurse, very refined and cultured. This was

a new and rather difficult life for her, but she faced it with genuine courage and dignity. She did not have much use for the beautiful table and bed linen that she brought with her, but she got joy wherever she could find it. She reared two lovely daughters, Barbara and Lexie, then moved to Provo after "Scottie's death. The Davesen property is now owned by the W.J. Bond family.

Uncle William

My earliest memories are about Uncle William and his family. He taught me which hand to extend in shaking hands. Even now when I heed to know my right hand I have to look at it and go through the mental experience of stopping in my dish washing to face Uncle William to shake hands with him. He was about the only person ever to give me a "nick" name. He called me "Wizzie". We all loved him. He was short--of medium complexion and wore a dark beard. He was kind, gentle, and thoughtful.

Aunt Mary's house was full of interesting things. She had fancy valances of netted lace around her window drapes. She had a proverbial "Parlor", that was sacred for special events like weddings, funerals and visiting dignitaries. She had a number of choice china figures here that I still remember.

One time some church people from Heber came to their house to hold a cottage meeting. They brought planks in and put quilts on them and made seats all around the dining room. Willie McMillin was there. I don't remember anything that was said or done, but the spirit present was uplifting and did something lovely for me. They sang "Who What is Right", and whenever I hear that song I seem to be back in that home of childhood memories and again I have an uplift.

Uncle William's son, Dan, was about the age of Jane Ann. He was a good looking blond lad. They were great pals. One day while Dan was attending school in Heber, a bigger boy knocked him down and kicked him in the stomach. Dan was never well after that. He just grew weaker and weaker and died within a short time. This cast gloom over our family group. Jane Ann was ill with Rheumatism or something of the sort at the time of Dan's death. I remember father taking her in the sleigh to the top of the foot path from the main road to Uncle William's house, then father carried her down to the house to see Dan. This was quite a distance. Dan was in the parlor. I saw the

china figures that day too.

Sometimes when we were playing at Aunt Mary's at meal time she would get a pan of cold milk-cream and all from the scullery and give us a loaf of lovely home made bread and then we would all sit around a long clean board bench on the red flag stone walk which was beautifully designed with white clay from the "Clay-hole Hill". We would crumb the bread in the milk and have a feast fit for hungry boys and girls with good appetites.

Years later when I was returning from the funeral of my brother, Rob at Midvale with W. J. Bond and Hazel we saw tongues of flame licking up the sides of this old house that had been vacant for some time and before our eyes this House of Sacred Memories became a heap of red hot charcoal. Something within me died as I saw the rafters and walls fall down.